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Original Poetry.

NAPOLEON'S STAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY JAS. L. BROOKS.

He saw a bright and burning star
That grew into his spirit sight,
And o'er his pathway, from afar,
Its splendor cast its radiance flags.

Onward it passed, with brilliant ray,
To dizzy heights and distant goals,
And there, it all their height dyed red
The glory he shall wear, unfolds.

On fairer scenes on tempting light
Beside like the old minister's view;
Still gleaming o'er the empyrean height
Scaled only by the dauntless few.

He sees a star you may not heed,—
That star is his protector now;
And while at every battle's need,
It stamps with restless thought his brow.

Is deadly change with morphing mood,
Where death and slaughter fence the nigh,
With glittering beams it, suits the dead
That drama that he acts in.

In fearful strife, on crimson field.
Where gasping hosts throw wastly down,
It throws around his form a shield,
And lights the conqueror to his crown.

Treville bygone and yet to enter!—
The heart that feels its impress true,
Unmoved, must still the wreck survive,
To weep the lost and glory feel.

True to the heave, while empire heaves,
Though doom'd to set in burning red,
The late bright and cording wrestle
It throws around the chieftain's head.

SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY HENRY HERFORD.

Oh let me drink, you let me drink
The cup I have been filling;
There is no power on earth to check
No pain within distilling;
Treasures of my early friends
Alone are buried in it,
And from me all the green earth sends
Can nothing win it!

I've drunk of all the drowning cups
From the red wine-press gushing,
But never such delicious sups
Maybe with their dark rushing,
So let me drink of this sister
Whose inner dreams are hurried,
Where hate and envy linger not
Where only friends lie buried.

Original Tales.

THE WIDOW'S CHAMPION,
Or, The Twin Sisters of Nuremberg.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ISABELLA MACFARLANE.

Rolandseck.—There I threw my gage.
If guilty friend hath left me there so much strength,
As to take up my glove, and enter the lists;
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against him, unto the end,
What I have spoke, or thee cause wear diverse
Herbalt.—I shall not be found wanting in the battle.

As soon as Gertrude Usher was left alone she experienced in its fullest sense that chilling blank and sickness of the spirit which succeeds the excitement of any great excitement. She was, or has been said, a creature of impulse: a generous impulse had induced her to propose the exchange; her sister's existence had strengthened her resolve; but oh sooner was her act accomplished, and the last sound of Katharine's retreating footsteps had died away, than she felt as if she would have given the world that all might be recalled. Let it not be thought that this was want of affection; she did not regret what she had done; no she had always been a spy and light-hearted, never having known sorrow, or been acquainted for a moment with those dark fears that when she contrasted her past happiness with the lonely and miserable present, and the dark and terrible future, it is not surprising that her heart sank within her, for she wanted the high principle and energy that sustained her sister under all her trials. After a time, however, she became more composed; and called up her self that devotion which her mother had striven to implant in her heart, endeavored to meet her fate with patience and resignation, if not with fortitude.

Two days passed slowly by, in a solitude unbroken save by the entrance of the soldier who left her coarse nourishment, and in that brief, it challenge you, Frederick Schonberg, to mortal combat. Do you accept the challenge of the unknown?"

"Before I do so," said Frederick, "I must know who and of what rank is my antagonist."

"The rank of Katharine Lagsburg can, I hope, claim equal rank with the son of a merchant of Nuremberg; so you can have no excuse on that score. But I will not be so unreasonable as to require you to fight me, if you might have expected to find a coward in one who could deliberately impugn a whole family into such unheard-of infamy, because the virtue of one of its members compassed against his pure acts?"

"Who and where are they?" exclaimed Frederick with flashing eyes, he quite taking fire at this exposure in open court, "it is false!"

"Then you will swear that it is false?" asked the stranger, in a taunting tone.

"Who dares to say I dare not?" cried Frederick, strong excited; "I will swear words, one by one, and have repeated them; and, suffering himself to be carried away by passion, he raised his arm with a glance of force and determination, as if he would strike the stranger to the earth, when a gentle voice behind him, cried, in weak and tremulous accents:

"Oh, I am not worse! For the sake of your immortal soul, do not lend it will another perjury."

Frederick did not turn round, but he recognized the voice, weak and tremulous as it was, and in spite of himself, her consciousness betrayed the agitation which it caused him. Katharine Lagsburg, however, he could see that the stranger was intently watching him, he found his self in the power of the enemy of his house, and he was determined to make the best of his situation, and taking up the glove, said, in as calm a voice as he could command:

"I accept this challenge. I suppose," he added, sarcastically, "I am not to be honored with the name of my unknown opponent."

"Stay, stay," said the chief magistrate, interposing "I fear you are acting contrary to the laws in accepting this challenge, and as I am entrusted by the state, and surely free yourself of this charge without having recourse to arms."

"Then," said Frederick felt the keen gaze of the stranger bent upon him.

"I would if I chose," he answered, haughtily, "but I am not going to be taunted into anything. My honor demands that I fight this insolent stranger, whether the charge against me be true or false, and if I refuse to do it because I think he has no right to make it."

By saying he left the room, regarding the stranger with a look of hate and defiance, and carefully avoiding the place where he expected to see Katharine Usher.

The magistrates then held a consultation as to whether it would be advisable to the rules of propriety to permit the combat, which, from its nature, must necessarily be public, and authorized by the law; and being all pleased and satisfied with the character of the young man, they after no other arguments pro and con, decided that it would—though the chief magistrate yielded to the wishes of his colleagues with a heavy heart and a saddened countenance. The stranger was then asked his name; but he smiled, and said playfully:

"Nay, it was sometimes permitted to the knights of old to enter the lists without divulging their names, and as I am fond of a little mystery, I claim the privilege of doing the same. An, however, I shall have to intent in Augsburg before the combat takes place, it will, perhaps, be necessary to have some name by which I could be addressed respecting the arrangements that will be made. Any letter, therefore, addressed simply to Leopold, of Augsburg, will not fail to reach me."

At this moment, a messenger arrived "all bloody with spurring," by reason of his having come on foot, but certainly "fiery-red with haste," burst into the court-house, with the astounding intelligence that the Emperor, and all his court had arrived in Nuremberg, and were impatiently waiting the presence of the chief magistrates at his residence. Surprised, and not knowing what to think, Mein Herr Schonberg repaired in great trepidation to his house, where he was in great relief, instead of the emperor and all his court, he found only one old noblewoman, the Count Von Brunckenhoff, who had come, he said, by the Emperor's orders, to enquire into the cause of a repeated wrok of the name of Usher.

The whole affair, including the challenge, having been laid before him, he gave it as his opinion that matters were going on very well without his interference; and that the best way to decide the thing would be, to be guided by the issue of the combat. Some of the wise superstitions rods of those days establish the widow's guilt or innocence beyond all dubitation. If, therefore, Frederick Schonberg won the day, the widow was to be considered guilty, and hanged, drowned, burned, or buried alive accordingly; but if, on the contrary, her champion proved victorious, she was to be set at liberty, and her accuser, if he was not killed, immediately indicted for perjury and libel.

In most cases, the mere fact of the champion's conquering his antagonist established the innocence of the person for whom he fought; but in the present case entertaining a devout horror of the crime with which the widow was charged, and wishing probably, to show the largess of mind with which the emperor had invested him—or perhaps thinking it was a pity to cause so far and not do anything—decreed that Frederick should not only be vanquished, but forced to withdraw his accusation; and in case of his refusing (which it was not likely would be the case) the punishment of the law was to be carried out on the widow in its utmost rigor.

Having delivered himself of this absurd and unjust decree, the Count Von Brunckenhoff re-entered himself in his elegant carriage, and leaning back with the air of a man who has just got rid of a disagreeable job, departed from the renowned city of Nuremberg.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.—THE EXPOSITION.

On ridings to rideings it was qu'on pas.

Preparations for the combat were immediately commenced on a grand scale; lists were to be drawn out, galleries erected, and judges appointed—every thing, in short, was to be done in the manner of the days of chivalry. The emperor looked forward to the coming pageant with a vast deal of excitement and delightful expectation. But the difficulty arose, as unexpected as it seemed at first insurmountable.

The "nobility and gentry" of the circle of Franconia, in the free kingdom of Nuremberg, the neighboring of the lords, and barons, and knights, and squires of high degree—some in a body and promoted loudly and vehemently against the proposed combat, declaring it to be a direct and unprovoked insult to them and to their order. They averred, that the conduct of Frederick, as well as of Katharine, was a knightly posture—that each had a right to engage in it but men of pure blood and high birth; that the combat would be debased in its character, and even defiance, was to her pure and devout mind, a thing of horror and dismay. She thought of the many times she had been told that she was a spy and a prig—a pedantic and affected lady—and she shrank in fearful, that the combat could not and should not take place.

The authorities of Nuremberg, on the other hand, asserted that they had a right to do as they pleased in their own city—that it was a free city and a wealthy city—that if they chose to call in the emperor's support to decide a point of law, no one had any business to interfere with them; and they had given the matter much high birth were the only fitting field in estimation—that a wealthy merchant now-a-days was as good a man as a knight of the middle ages, and that he called himself, and should take place, in spite of all the lords, barons, knights and squires in Christendom.

On this, the wrath of the knights and barons went beyond all bounds—they stormed, and raged, and protested, and "called standards to the field," and the way in which they threatened the free city of Nuremberg, said all that death threats, was awful and terrible in the extreme. But the sturdy burgomasters were not to be daunted; they were armed, and equipped quite as much as their opponents; but of course, the more that was said on both sides tended only to render each party more determined. Meetings were called—leagues and acknowledges passed continually between the contending parties—threats and expostulations were alternately hurled from one side to the other; and the greatest confusion reigned throughout the circle. Nothing was talked of but the proposed combat and the opposition to it; and the influence of both parties were so strongly joined against it, that the emperor found himself circumvented, and instead of a single combat, a general war would take place, springing, as many a more important one has done, out of a mere trifle—a mere point of etiquette.

At last, seeing there was no possibility of their agreeing, they resolved to refer the whole difficulty to the emperor, and stood by his decision—which, it may be observed, each party was perfectly certain would be in its favor. Especially as the knights of the circle knew by the time that elapsed between the departure of their case and the arrival of the Emperor's answer; and every possible reason was invented, and every one believed—by turns now refused and lamented his best; and he was just going to come forward and lose the widow, whatever might be the consequences, when the Augsburger appeared, and by his challenge and the taunting words which accompanied it, re-kindled the slumbering fire, and made the contending parties more furious and determined in ever. Frederick instantly conceived the interest he himself had for the fate of Katharine Lagsburg, and resolved to enlist to any and every pain, rather than confess to him.

CHAPTER THIRD.—THE COMBAT.

Now lance, lance, lance, ladies bright,
And lance, gallants gay,
And ye shall see a combat fell befall.
All on a summer's day.

And ye shall see how true gent hold knights,
Who love their ladies fair,
Met hand to hand, and foot to foot,
Heed stricken and gored with steel.—*Old Ballad.*

The day of the combat arrived—a day—by with the fate of the widow and her accuser—dawned in splendor and beauty on the city of Nuremberg. The sun rose in cloudless majesty, as if "made" not to witness aught from the stirring scene, and looked unkindly down on the unwonted bustle and activity that prevailed in the city. Groups of persons, in gala dresses, were seen in the streets at an early hour, whose steps apparently turned all the same way. By and bye, their numbers increased, and a continuous stream poured through all the city of the Nuremburgers, but the people of neighboring cities, and the adjacent country, poured eagerly towards, the scene of action.

The way without the gates of the city, where a large space had been enclosed, resembled in the form of an amphitheatre. Galleries and pavilions had been erected for the convenience of spectators, tastefully fitted up and hung with drapery, and decorated with banners. There, as the company began to assemble, were seen filled with the elite of the Burgraves of Nuremburg—the belles and beaux, the beauty and fashion both of town and country—for the greater part of the young cavaliers, who had so concurrently opposed the combat, found their curiosity stronger than their unanimity, and were among the first, with their wives and families, to attend.

Noble and beautiful ladies—men of name, and men of wealth—gay artful forms, sparkling eyes, merry mirth and glee; hair—satin, and velvet, and rich brocade, and waving plumes, and flashing jewels—these were the objects that met the eyes of the less fortunate nights who were cribbed in stand, as they turned them alternately on the varied, gilded, and spangled floors of the galleries. Here on the state Baroness, in her robes of rich brocade, or money Gems—below, the very plumes and ornamented her tears of diamonds nodding ornamentically, surrounded by a bevy of fair young daughters, in "gaude and pale pink satin"—there, the dashing citizenness, in the midst of her daughters, surpassing her stately neighbor in the wealth and magnificence of her attire, but wanting the air distinguee, the polished manners, the lady-like bearing, and the graceful ease of the latter—here out the illustrious Count or Baron, looking as grand and as haughty as became the representative of the renowned and far-descended house of which he had the honor to be the head—and there, the wealthy and consequent merchant, glowing around with orthan-cornish-of-all-every sort of look, and regarding the proud, poor noble with something very like contempt. In one place, might have been seen a group of fashionably-dressed young men, chatting and laughing together, and occasionally exchanging sly looks with the pretty girls in their neighborhood—in another, a party of young ladies, eagerly watching the point at which the Augsburger was expected to appear, all anxious to pronounce "how he looked," for his personal appearance was as yet a profound mystery—in another, a couple of regular wags, engaged in taking a quizzical survey of the whole assemblage, and deriving immense fun and enjoyment therefrom, much to the annoyance of an old gentleman seated before them, who turned round with a scandal look at every fresh burst of merriment.

At one end, stood a pavilion, superior in height and embellishments to the rest, which was appropriated to the magistrates and principal officers of the burgraves, with their families and friends. It was hung with elegant draperies of crimson and white; its floor was adorned with the armorial bearings of the city, surmounted by those of the empire; fringes, and trappings, and ornaments of gold gave a splendid finish to everything; and over all, on a tall flagstaff crowned with a gilded eagle, floated the imperial standard, an immense piece of rich purple satin silk, presented expressly for the occasion, and unfolding for the first time upon the banks of the Pegnitz.

The Widow's Champion had arrived on the preceding day from Augsburg; and after an interview with the accused, had visited her sister in her prison. Katharine, pale and trembling, but with a spirit of fortitude unbroken. She spoke of the coming contest with hope and confidence; and when the widow expressed her concern that she should have encountered so much trouble in order to be enabled, and said he had no fears for himself," for," said he, "although it does not become me to boast, I have been long practiced in the knightly art of arms, and was in Germany—except the Emperor; and if it were possible for me to measure swords with him, I doubt not in more he than Frederick Schonberg." His words brought a gleam of joy to the hearts of his hearers—even Katharine found herself imperceptibly buoyed up by hope; and as he softly hinted to her that it was for her sake that he had taken up her mother's cause, there was something in his voice that wakened a train of indescribable emotions, and filled her with a vague and indefinite feeling that caused her to look again, to see if it was really the lingering stranger that spoke.

When the distinguished part of the company had all assembled, and the last stroke of the appointed hour rang from the steeple of the Church of the Holy Ghost, a trumpet sounded, and a herald advancing, in a loud voice delivered the challenge of the Widow's Champion. She was answered by another herald, who proclaimed the challenge in the name of Frederick Schonberg, and proceeded to read the terms of the combat, as decreed upon by the authorities. The ceremony over, the trumpets sounded again, and the combatants advanced from opposite sides, parties arrayed in knightly armor, and each being furnished with a light steel corslet, a helmet, and a shield. Both were visibly armed, for now, if ever, was the time for display; but the contest was determined by far the most costly, from which the wise-men augured that the Nuremberger was more wealthy than the Augsburger. The helmet of Frederick was of silver, beautifully chased, surmounted by a lofty plume of a rich crimson color; that of the Widow's Champion was of polished steel, and the plume of blue and white, denoting the purity of his cause. Frederick's shield, also of silver, was without any device, but his antagonists bore a well-executed representation of Truth and Justice delineating Innocence from the shade of Malice.

As each man entered the lists, he rod his eye searchingly round the multitude, and by a remarkable coincidence, the gaze of each rested on the same object almost at the same moment. That object was Katharine Usher, who, with her sister, was seated with the family of Steiner the wood-merchant, both having been drawn by an irresistible impulse to witness the combat on which so much depended. It was but a momentary glance, however, that they beckoned on her; and immediately returning to meet each other's eyes, they were filled with a look, on one side, of stern resolution, and on the other, of firm defiance, the fight commenced in good earnest.

It was a masterly trial of skill, for the combatants were nicely matched—Frederick being on well versed in the noble art of fencing, that Leopold began to think he had been dallored by those who pronounced him the best swordsman in Augsburg. The contest was continued with terrible interest by the enemity: and it was evident, by the exclamations which from time to time burst from the lips of the spectators, that the sympathies of the people in favor of the Widow's Champion, for people, was a French writer, are ever ready to applaud a generous impulse, even though by so doing they condemn them selves. A great number of masterly thrusts were given and parried on both sides, without any signal advantage being gained by either, and the contest was carried on with well-managed ease, succeeded in throwing his antagonist off his guard, and making a furious plunge at his left side, drove back his sword, and with the force of the Augsburger. Elated with this, and eager to consummate his victory, he laid his cautious, and rushed forward, on of to annihilate his adversary at one blow; but the Champion, whose wound was fortunately extremely slight, received the blow on his shield, and by long advantages of Frederick's imprudence, returned it with interest, and at one stroke laid him flat on the ground. Springing upon him like a tiger upon his prey, he placed his knee upon his breast, and brandishing his sword, cried in a loud voice:

"Now confess I confess your perfidy, or die by that sword!"

Frederick made no answer, but gazed at or him with a steady look of hate and defiance. It long pause ensued.

"Confess!" again cried the Champion, placing his sword in a fit position to strike. Still he made no answer.

"Once more, and for the last time," said the Widow's Champion. "Frederick Schonberg, I say to you—confess!"

Again he paused, and every breath seemed suspended, as every eye was bent to catch the answer of the doomed man. But it came not; and the Champion drew back his sword to give the fatal stroke, when suddenly his ear was startled by an agonized cry behind him, and at the same moment his sword-arm was suddenly seized. He turned round, and beheld Katharine Usher, who, unable any longer to control her feelings, had burst from the surrounding group of her relatives, and, with a loud, agony wildly into the arena. Her hair was disordered, her cheeks flushed, her eyes flashing with unearthly light, and her frame quivering with emotion.

"Oh! forbear! forbear!" she wildly exclaimed; "do not kill him—all hope is lost if he dies without confessing—give him more time, and he will confess all—oh! do not kill him—in mercy to me kill him—for the sake of my poor, poor mother, spare him—spare him until he withdraws his accusation."

"You are the cause of my life," said the Champion, "but fear not for your mother—I swear she's this villain, but trust me, I will protect her."

"But you cannot protect her—you cannot conceive of the horrible fate that awaits her,—no, no!—no mortal power can save her, unless he withdraws his accusation. Oh! Mein Herr Schonberg, have pity on a poor and aged woman who never wronged you—have pity on her, for I, she! on the cause—I, my mother! would to God that I could suffer in your stead!"

Still Frederick remained silent, for the gate of the hated Leopold was fixed upon his face, and his knee on his breast; and pride forbade what his inclination urged.

"Frederick!" cried Katharine, sinking on her knees, and clasping her hands, while her face and neck became crimson, "by the love you once professed for me, I entreat you—by the memory of your mother, whom you almost to meet at the judgment seat, withdraw the cruel charge you have brought against mine, for you know that it is false!"

The chord was at last struck within the obdurate heart of Frederick, and the pride that had been sealed to every other appeal, yielded to the magic of a sound! With a sudden and powerful effort, he shook off the grasp of his antagonist, and springing to his feet, approached the devoted girl.

"Katharine Usher!" he said, "you have waked my heart from its long sleep, and in mercy I vow to you that I never have avowed to any human being! Your mother is innocent, and I was induced to accuse her from a diabolical spirit of revenge against you, angel as you are! The widow Usher is innocent!" he cried in a voice that was heard to the utmost limits of the crowd, "and I here publicly withdraw the charge hereto fore brought against her."

A deafening shout of joyful acclamation burst from every lip among the thousands there assembled; baker after baker, all of interest in the combat was forgotten; hands were clasped, hats were waved, and handkerchiefs were waved, and every thing expressive of delight, save an unbidden blast on their instruments; every one seemed trying to surpass his neighbor in demonstrations of joy; and the Widow's Champion was borne in triumph round the lists, while the Widow's Champion stood with form erect and arms folded, his bright eyes beaming with delight, and his whole countenance radiant with a smile of triumph and pleasure, but when it had somewhat subsided, he turned to Frederick.

"Do you swear," said he, "what is the punishment appointed for the crime of which you have just confessed yourself guilty?"

"Death, I believe; and I am ready to meet it. Here is a written confession of the poor wretch who employed me. Should I intended should benefit her if I fell by your sword."

"It is death for a poor offender, but as you are a gentleman of rank and influence, you will be let off with imprisonment. But I was resolved, before I come hither, not to let you escape without making full atonement to the excellent widow and her lovely daughter; I therefore went straight to Vienna, and procured your sentence under the seal of the Emperor, in case you should not fall by my sword."

Frederick started involuntarily, and a feeling of anger at the stranger's officiousness brought a tinge of crimson to his cheek; and a feeling of pride, that he could not control, made him exclaim:

"Your sentence," continued the Champion, producing a sealed paper, "will immediately annul that of your imprisonment—banishment—anything—anything but death. Have him from death, and he will go and sin no more."

"Have me do not wish him dead, sir knight," said Gertrude, springing from the crowd of persons who had by this time gathered round the group, and kneeling down beside her self-appointed son, "have me do not wish him dead, but I am afraid he will not repent. Have him, Mein Herr, save him—oh! save him."

"Beware pleaders!" said the Champion, raising them both, "you ask of me more than I can accomplish. Neither I nor any one else can alter his sentence, for it is fixed by the laws of Germany and Augsburg. But stay—I shall hear it read," and he broke the seal.

Katharine looked as if she were about to faint away; Gertrude wept and wailed, and her son, said in a low voice, "I have every one to be prepared to endure if I should have to die myself, I would not have him," said Gertrude, stepping forward, "and I will make him learn to be happy for the rest of my days."

"Not for death—do not say for death," cried Katharine, in a low agitated voice, falling at the Augsburger's feet, and clasping his knees with frantic energy, while she looked up imploringly into his face, "let me beseech you—implore—humble

SATURDAY POST.

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News from Congress.

On Wednesday in the Senate, the Appropriation Bill was taken up and debated.

In the House various offices were made to go into Committee of the Whole upon the subject of bills, and other matters, but a great many took precedence, and nothing was done to interest the public.

On Thursday in the Senate, the Appropriation Bill, from the House of Representatives, was taken up for a third reading, retaining the District Election principle, and amended so as to strike out the item, and consequently reduce the compensation of Senators. It was then passed, and the Bill for the Relief of Representatives will come up to-day for debate.

In the House a beginning was made upon the tariff bill.

Mr. Fillmore from the Committee of Ways and Means reported a Bill dividing the day, designed to prevent any unnecessary delay of the act reported on Tuesday, and having for its object the temporary extension of existing Revenue regulations until the 30th day of August last.

The new bill is reported by the Committee of Ways and Means under an unprecedented construction that the Bill reported on Monday would have some bearing upon the Land Bill. The new bill goes to the Committee of the Whole, and is ordered to be printed.

Mr. Fillmore moved that the Revenue Bill be taken up in Committee of the Whole, which motion was carried and the debate ensued.

On Friday in the Senate the Appropriation Bill was taken up, after being ordered to an engrossment and the following morning to be read a third time. A spirited debate ensued, and continued till the hour of adjournment. Mr. Fillmore moved to lay aside the Revenue Bill for to-day, under which order it will be taken up in the Committee of Ways and Means, providing for the thirty days extension of the existing Revenue Laws.

The Bill was read after a large majority decided to do so.

The debate upon it continued till the hour of adjournment.

In Saturday, the Senate did not sit.

In the House, Mr. Cushing submitted the following resolution:

Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to communicate to this House, if not incompatible with the public interest, all the correspondence between the Government of the United States and the Government of the United States of Mexico, and the Government of the United States and the Government of the Republic of Texas, and between the Government of the United States and any other Government or Governments, relative to the annexation of Texas to the United States, and the present condition of the affairs produced by the efforts of the United States and the Government of the Mexican Republic, for which the interposition of the Government of the United States has been invoked, if in the opinion of the President the same may be communicated without detriment to the public service.

Asbury Dickins, Esq., appeared before the bar with a message from the Senate, and announced that the Senate had passed the Appropriation Bill, with amendments to which he returned to the House. A fruitless attempt was made to get the amendments to the House. The Senate amendments which had begun, on a bill to confirm certain land claims in Louisiana, was continued. The bill was then passed, when the House took a recess.

On Monday, in the Senate, Mr. Woodbury presented the credentials of his colleague (Mr. Williams) who has been elected for the unexpired term of Mr. Woodbridge. Mr. Bennet called up his bill for the Armed occupation of Florida, which was read, briefly explained, and by agreement said bill ought to be taken up to-morrow.

On Tuesday, Mr. Adams offered a resolution, calling on the President for a copy of Gen. Cass's recall letter of Protest, the Quintuple Treaty, and all correspondence having reference thereto. A resolution coming to which was offered and laid upon the table, calling for the Whole, the question upon any amendment was first called for the very reason that it would prevent the previous question having been ordered, a call of the House was demanded, and 196 members answered. The resolution was then laid on the table, by a vote of 120 to 91. Mr. Proffit then moved the previous question, closing the "one hour rule" in debate, with a committee of the Whole said in the House; and the motion prolonged for asking the previous question; Carried. The previous question was taken upon the first clause of the Land of Adams, the amendment of the Senate reducing the rate of population to be represented by each Representative, and was considerably discussed by a number of Members in compass the House of Representatives, was rejected by a vote of 97 to 97, and so the clause of the Bill now stands as it passed the House of Representatives. After which discussion the House adjourned by the bar rising upon the decision of the Speaker.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, the Bill making provision for an armed occupation of Florida, was taken up for consideration.

In the House, they refused to consider the Appropriation Bill by a vote of 106 to 106. By a vote of 150 to 56, the House resolved itself into the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and then returned to the business.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

The Pennsylvania Legislature met in extra session on Tuesday, the 6th inst. and proceeded at once to business, a quorum being present in both Houses. In the House of Representatives, The business transacted, however, was chiefly interesting.

On Friday, in the House, Mr. McCahen gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill authorizing the issue of the registered stock of the Commonwealth, to the amount of one million of dollars, for the purpose of paying the debt due to the Bank. In both Houses the usual notice of the Governor's message was given, and also of the annual election of the State, by increased votaries, and the sale of the bank stock owned by the State.

On Saturday, the Senate disposed of the bill to repeal the act of 1841, allowing the Kensington and Spring Mill to occupy Front street. The repeal was passed. A bill to authorize the Commissioners of Philadelphia Co., in to borrow $50,000, has been passed both Houses and with the above bill, in the hands of the Executive. Mr. Bowley's Bill, providing for the sale of the Bank property of the State, was made the order of Thursday next.

In the House, the Committee on Internal Improvements are instructed, on a motion by Mr. Dunlap, to inquire into the expediency of reducing the tolls on the public works so as to transport freight cheaper than is now done in any of the States, any of the officers were killed or cars and loans sigh come into the measure.

On Monday, the Governor informed the Senate that the bill he proposed witnesses to testify before the Legislature had returned; but that the Bill to repeal the act which authorized the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad Company to construct a single track for one horse, has found its house stool and himself absent. He then offered a resolution for the expediency of making a declaration as respectful paper table to contribute to such other, as other Governors are now bound to do.

Mr. Hamerstead, from the select committee to investigate the allegations of corruption in the passage of the Bill to repeal the Bank, made a report, setting forth that Daniel M. Smithhead had appeared before the committee, and given in part his testimony, but was allowed to out Philadelphia on business important; that said Smithhead had not yet made his appearance before the committee; that the Sergeant-at-Arms had been unable to find him, but found his house shut and himself absent. He then offered a resolution for the appointment of a messenger to compel the attendance of Mr. Smithhead, which was adopted.

The Bill to sustain the Banks of this State to redeem their Relief Notes in specie was taken up, and after a long discussion, the motion to recommit the Relief Notes of the Union Banks, came up in order on second reading, and remained the unfinished business of the Senate at the last session. Mr. Stevens offered an amendment to authorize the Banks to issue Small Notes on the faith of responsibility, which was negatived by a vote of yeas 16, nays 16. The question on the Bill was now finally and seasonal, and the session was prolonged an hour after the usual hour of adjournment.

Miscellaneous Items.

☞ Lord D. Stuart, having retired from the New Era, declares his intention of starting a new paper, to be called "The New York Phœnix," which is intended "to be of the most right democratic tone in politics." Associated with him, will be others well qualified to add interest to the existence of the paper.

☞ Goldsmith says she who values her husband and her children largely, who realizes the one from vice, and saving up the other to a much greater degree than she who has neither husband nor children, whose whole occupation is to wander unattended with shame from the power of their eyes.

☞ Captain Wood, of the barque Condor, arrived on Tuesday at New York, from Matagara, Porto Rico, reports that the earthquake was severely felt at that place on the 7th of May, and up to the 20th, when he sailed, there had been two or three shocks every day.

☞ There are owned at the New Orleans Mint, in May last, $428,000, as follows:—Half eagles, 154 pieces, half dollars, 1,000,000.

☞ A splendid Arabian blood horse has just arrived at Natchez, from Boston. It is a present from the Sultan to a citizen of that place. Your full-blooded Arabs, also make over an genuine.

☞ Professor Ellis, late Minister to Mexico, arrived at Washington on the 5th ult. He intends remaining in that city during the session of Congress, and will then proceed to Washington.

SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

Philadelphia:

Saturday Morning, June 10, 1843.

TERMS OF THE SATURDAY POST.

The terms of the Saturday Post are Two Dollars per annum, payable half yearly in advance. Any person procuring Five Subscribers, and forwarding the money, shall be entitled to a sixth copy gratis. Any person procuring Ten Subscribers, and forwarding the money, shall be entitled to a copy gratis during the year. Any person procuring Twenty Subscribers, and forwarding the money, shall be entitled to a copy gratis during the year, and a copy gratis for the year to the person who shall procure the Twenty Subscribers.

The publication of subscribers to the several works, and the terms of the Saturday Post, will be regularly recorded in the first week of the month.

EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

On Friday the 10th inst., the United States ship Vincennes, of the Exploring Expedition, came to anchor in the harbor of New York, after a successful cruise of three years, they put on end to three at once, by cutting their throats and throwing their bodies in the east, which took them six of the city. If they did not meet them in the straits, they would take them out of their hands.

In two instances respectable persons were killed, in the public streets, while attempting to defend their wives, in other cases, when they had no cart, they trailed the bodies on the ground, with the heart, after the horses. In other cases, they placed their victims on their shoulders, and took them a mile out of the city, and there deposited them, and threw their bodies into ditches or pits, in which they were found after the fields. Many were taken alive to the barracks, and there despatched; but once, that I heard of, were taken to the police. Neither the police nor the military of the Government could for the first voyage the expedition visited, examined and surveyed several of the principal groups of islands in the Pacific Ocean, established friendly relations with the protective commercial regulations with the chiefs and natives; released aggression on our citizens and commerce; and, in one or two cases of flagrant outrage, punished the offenders. In several instances where reefs, shoals and islands have been laid down in error, they have been found to be an obstruction to navigation. The discoveries by this expedition, of the Atlantic Continent, and of many islands in the South Pacific, together with the grounded those of the French and English Expeditions. The Expedition, during its cruise, has also examined and surveyed a large portion of the coast of Oregon Territory, at part of Upper California, including the Columbia and Sacramento Rivers, with their harbors and bays. Information, hereby acquired, has been added to the charts, and will be found of great service to navigators

SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1,25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office removed *from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

SARATOGA.

We perceive by the papers that this popular watering place is in "order for the season." Its hotels are said, as usual, to be in better condition than ever before, and predictions are made that notwithstanding the hard times, they will speedily be filled with pleasure-seekers. We have occasionally visited Saratoga, and know something of the company and enjoyment to be found there. Very few, comparatively, go to the Springs in search of health—not one in three, probably drink of their waters a second time—deeming the brandy, sherry, and champaign of the Pavillion and the Congress Hall, equal as medicines, and vastly more palatable. Gamblers, pick-pockets, courtezans, roués, adventurers of every kind, constitute the mass of the summer inhabitants. Good men, indeed, mingle with them—a few invalids, a few constables from the cities, a few men of leisure who go to see how the world wags, and now and then a simple gentleman with his family, who has read the puffs of the hotels, and fancies he can "spend a few weeks delightfully at the Springs in the hot season." The following verses by a friend of ours were written two or three years ago, but they will answer for all seasons. They give a true idea of

LIFE AT SARATOGA.

Sand banks and swamps, and dwarf pine trees,
And streets with dust be-clouded,—
A score of shingle palaces
With squalid splendor crowded!—
Old Connoisseurs of ball and route
The young with envy eyeing,
Old gourmands crippled with the gout,
Their latest measure trying;
Grey Politicians at their tricks
Of bargain, Satan-aided:
The Tattersalls of Politics,
Where men for mules are traded,
Old maids at loggerheads with Time,
Their girlhood wiles essaying;
And dandy amateurs of rhyme,
Their album gifts displaying;
A daily draught of water, such
As that of ancient Marah,
Which the parch'd Arab would not touch
Upon his hot Sahara;
Wild Rob Roy's rule at dinner-hour,
Around the crowded table,—
That he shall *take* who has the power,
And he shall *keep* who's able!
Yet here Disease, with trembling limb,
And cheek without its roses,
And faded lip and eye grown dim,
A mournful tale discloses.
Woe for these stricken ones of earth!
Why come they here to borrow,
From giddy crowds and heartless mirth,
And added weight of sorrow!
Oh! sadly to the failing eye
The merry dance is moving,
Young forms of beauty floating by—
The loved ones and the loving!
On bearded lip, and fair young face,
The astral's light is glowing,
O'er manly form and maiden grace
A softened lustre throwing.
Light—music—dances! mirth and song
Through bower and hall are waking;
Yet midst the gay and glittering throng
How many hearts are aching!
Fair brows, with gems and roses set,
Would best beseem the willow;
And eyes now bright with smiles, will wet
With tears a sleepless pillow.

REV. DR. JARVIS.

We are pleased to learn that the Connecticut Legislature, at its recent session, passed an act of divorce, in the notorious case of the Rev. Samuel F. Jarvis, D. D. and his wife. The act deprives Mrs. Jarvis of all right to dower in the estate of Mr. Jarvis, and decrees to her $500 a year. Mr. Billings, who presented the report, on which the action of the Legislature was based, made a statement of the circumstances which led to the petition: that in 1832 Dr. J. had left his wife while in Europe, where she had circulated slanderous reports concerning his character; that in 1839 she had left him under circumstances which showed she had no intention of returning; and that in 1842 she had returned and asked forgiveness for the purpose of cutting him off from asking for a divorce. He said also that Dr. Jarvis was a man celebrated for his piety and benevolence, and engaged upon a work of great importance to the country. But his efforts had been paralyzed by these domestic difficulties. Mrs. Jarvis too was represented as an estimable woman, but her conduct towards her husband had been such as to preclude their ever living together. He thought it better, therefore, for them both and for their children, that the divorce should be granted. The motion was opposed ably and earnestly, but the report was finally accepted, and the *divorce granted as recommended.* So this great case which has excited so much attention throughout the country has been finally in this manner brought to a conclusion.

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION.

A few evenings since a meeting of the National Institution was held at Washington, Mr. Poinsett, the President, in the chair. On this occasion an admirable full length portrait of M. Guizot, the French Minister and author, painted by Mr. Healy, a clever American artist, recently returned from Paris, was deposited. The valuable *Spagnoletto*, presented to the institution by Dr. Gibbs, of Columbia, South Carolina, has been framed and placed in the Hall, and a fine marble bust of Mr. Poinsett, by Mr. Pettrich, is soon to be deposited in the name of Mrs. Poinsett. The Intelligencer adds that it is impossible to contemplate the condition of this institution without exulting in its prodigious success. Our citizens, far and wide, may be proud of its achievements, and should aid in promoting the great objects it has in view. To the people in the District of Columbia it holds out advantages which they do not yet fully appreciate. They ought to unite in sustaining it. To all parts of the Union, however, it is important that it should be liberally supported. We hope to see the Smithsonian legacy in some way placed under the direction of this great national society.

Notices of New Works.

POETICAL REMAINS OF THE LATE LUCY HOOPER.—*With a Memoir, by John Keese.*—We have looked through this volume with a melancholy pleasure. Lucy Hooper was a woman of true genius, and a mind pure and gentle as ever guided a woman's action. She died last year in Brooklyn, at the early age of twenty-four years, just as she was entering upon the centre of the stage of life and intellect and passion. With a singular modesty, she had published most of her poems anonymously, and few except her intimate friends knew the exceeding richness of the promise they gave of after fame, or the graces of character which won for her so much love and admiration in the small circle of which she was the light and centre.

Mr. Keese was one of that circle, and in the admirable Memoir of Miss Hooper he has given us, he has pointed out the traits in the author and in her works which so endeared her to those who composed it. After speaking of her religious feeling, shown in her life and in her writings, he remarks, than no less distinguishing, "when we consider the whole tenor of her life, and all the manifestations of her womanly temper, is the masculine strength of her pen. She never trifles with a theme or fetters in her song. Her mind appears to have been

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A NEW VOLUME.

JULY, 1842.

THE LADY'S

WORLD OF FASHION.

A MAGAZINE

Of Choice American Literature.

A new volume of this Magazine will begin with July, 1842; when a series of important improvements will commence. The work is devoted especially to the *ladies*, and issued in a style never before attempted in this country. It contains articles from the most popular and pleasing writers of the day, on every variety of subject. Most of the stories are of a practical, domestic character, from the pens of our best female writers, while the earliest fashions in all their varieties are correctly given;—so as to make the work welcome at every fire-side—in the halls of the fashionable and the gay, in the home of the virtuous matron, whose own needle supplies her raiment, or in the store and sewing room of the mantua maker and milliner.

Plan of the Work.

The prominent design of the Magazine is to furnish in elegant and attractive style, the earliest, most correct, and full report of the Monthly Fashions direct from Paris and London. *This we are enabled to do several months in advance of any cotemporary.* The advantage of this to every lady, who makes taste in dress the least matter of life, will at once be apparent, and to the professional dress-maker and milliner of the United States, the enterprise will be of incalculable advantage. We issue every month a number and variety of costume, which puts to the blush every thing in the way of monthly reports of the Fashions heretofore attempted.

For this purpose the publisher embarked the most ample means and resources in the enterprise, and matured his plans both in this country and in Europe prior to commencement. It has been a favorite project, and has been deliberately undertaken, and will be carried through vigorously.

Mezzotint and Steel Engravings.

In order to render the work ornamental in the highest degree, and to make it a perfect parlor companion, and an ornament to the centre-table, as well as entertaining in its literature, and useful in the style of the fashion plates, it is proposed to issue the most elegant Steel and Mezzotint engravings from the first artists in the country, illustrated by

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Gems from the Poets.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth?
Does human blood with life imbue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue,
That wave along the forehead high
Lost—and a cloud of sparkles hair?
Or, can this light and airy breath
Steal from a living bosom's death;
Can such a creature e'er decay
By sleep that utterly resembles
Or, oh thou, what the form would seem,
The placeless of a blessed dream.

A human shape I feel thee act,
I feel it at my beating heart,
Those tremors both of soul and sense
Awaken by perfect innocence!
Though dear the forms by fancy wove,
We love them with a conscious love,
Though from the living world intrude
Far on her deepest solitude,
But, lovely child! the magic rule
Of sympathy is over you,
At once into my current true
With feelings as thy beauty flow,
And left no other cause there.

To me thy parents are unknown,
Glad would they be their child to own!
And well they must have loved before,
Ere thou couldst come to love them more.
Then art a branch of noble stem,
And, seeing thee, I figure them.
What stamp of character we would give,
If there in their small house would at live!
Though in the face we fondly look
Might scarcely say, "This babe is mine"
In time thou would'st become the same
As their own child—all but the name.

How happy must the parents be
Who daily live in sight of thee!
Whose hearts are greater pleasure seek
Than can thee smile, and hear thee speak,
And feel all natural griefs bestowed
By them, these fond, these dearest child!
Dear baby thou, that sleep'st so sound!
What joy thy locker stands near!
Well, fear, inspired by known, approved
The treasures of a father's love!
And for the comfort of his child, thank, now,
O'er whom I pass, my blessing vow!

I tell thee dearest; am I wrong?
Not much, I feel, is in my song
Distrous the heart's soft feelings move
To God, to Nature, and to Love!
Thy God for thee, a harmless child
Will keep his ready audience mild;
Thy Nature's for thy trace and sight
Her vision and her delight;
Thy Love!—the kinds of love unite!
Thou dwell'st in love, and love in thee!
What wonder, then, though in thy dreams
Thy face with myriad meanings beams!
Oh! that my spirit were with thine!
Whatever know these glimpses of supreme!
That light of blessing soul upraise!
To play from thoughts above thy peace.
Then smilest so if thy soul were casting
To heaven, and heaven's God adoring!
And who can tell what, simply thus
May bless an infant's sleeping eye?
What transport turns our helpless foal
To reign on thee an infant's mood,
To see, unaware, or enter thy
The glory of the seraphim!

STANZA.

BY DR. BOWRING.

Few are the fragrances left of fallen rose!
For wondrous things are treasures of These that lore
Have in them germs of an eternal spirit,
And we of good their presence cannot ignore;
Evermore is matchless's ally.
But the sublimer affections never die.

From the Magazines.

FROM THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER FOR MAY.

PONCE DE LEON.

His Quest after the Fountain of Youth.

There is no incident, in the early history of our country, more affecting, than the romantic and well authenticated quest by Ponce de Leon, for the Fountain of Youth, which was the discovery of Florida. It attaches a peculiar interest to the career of that adventurer, when we consider the boldness and temerity of a crowded camp, to the unbroken stillness of our primeval forests. The one, filled with wild and law-violated youth, whose imagination had been heated by tales of adventure and romance, and whose only laugh at his folly; but when we find that he was an experienced and hardy warrior, contending for the prowess at the siege of Granada, and conversant with camps, service and adventure are blent together; and we trace the spirit of the age in the conduct of that hardy warrior. The discovery of a New World, that startled all lands, awoke the minds of men from the long slumber of feudal superstition and chivalry, and with it the spirit of romantic adventure, who wandered back, heated their fancies—again at length to be consoled with the New World, could not be satisfied with the discovery of a continent—some degree of darkness and a craving for excitement and adventure was ungratified, which the voyages of discovery, many of the most gallant spirits of time. Ponce was not behind his age; neither was he in advance of it; the conquest of the Moors had given peace to Spain, and the warrior was idle. The Castles of repose, when he heard of that marvellous fountain which could restore the vigor and freshness of youth to the tenth: his adventurous spirit was aroused; and, buckling on his armor, he set forth to find out the region of romance he sought, but that quiet resting-place of all earth's children—the grave. In this search, in which no one more keen accomplished! has it not been given us immortality to a name, which otherwise might never have been known, beyond the Spanish hamlet where his bones reposed? and is not, to-day, to some, as the poet identified with the "land of flowers," whither his fiery spirit led him—the Ely?

In this age of scoffing and scepticism, when men, so eagerly proud of their own puny powers, mock the Lord, and cast to contempt their affections, and all the mysterious panorama of ere and ere, mountain and plain, into a mere workshop and storehouse, and as my self, in the man, who was created in the image of his God, into a mere automaton and unconscious engine, it is supposed by turn even to the wild errors of a race like this, who if he did err, was led astray by a vague but lofty conception of the Unknown and the Infinite.

He deceived himself, as well as others: and the faith must indeed have been strong, which could lead him over the wild seas of unworn into the midst of savages.

The energy with which he prosecuted the search, proves the noticing and indomitable spirit of the man.

Let he picture to ourselves, the image of the wild re-discoverer! Stained with the incidents of over a hard-fought field—scorched with the Summer's sun—and worn with watching and with dangers—exposed upon the white surge and noble fare, whose wild sea-whose brain upon the stillness of night, and woke him from dreams of his distant home to—rain, fearless, and self-possessed, interesting and inspiring the courage of his drooping followers, and confidence which could not be shaken! With Badoza, Fuente, Almagro, and Cortes, two passions were supreme—the love of power, and the love of gold. Hard, iron, pitiless men, whom neither love nor pity, for each of another, nor the sacred ties of parricide, could turn from their designs; yet fawning and blind at times, to the power of superstition, which controlled the minds of the ignorant. Only the times can be called as types, and as sureness to their fame for blood. To the stained hands, who had sailed the Pacific, and to a being from more higher spheres—who cherished him in his half-deserted bed, we feel when on the pinnacle of his hoping, how startling must have been the discovery that he had climbed to such human power—which was never sing ever his life. The sense of human crime, dark as they are, do not possess a blacker page than that of which is recorded of Ponce de Leon. Nothing seemed to be wanted on through these acts, on breaking loose from the restraint of divine society, shook off all feelings of nature and humanity, and grew drunk with crime. Kindness, benevolence, crime pleasure, and mercy, seemed to be merged in the savage thirst for blood; but retaining the name and those instincts which belong to the human heart